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SEIFERT
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BBC
DOCTOR WHO
THE DOCTOR AND THE NURSE PART 2 OF 2
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# The Doctor and the Nurse

The Doctor is an alien, the last of the powerful Time Lords. He is an intrepid traveller through time and space, armed only with his incredible intelligence and his fix-anything sonic screwdriver. He travels alone except for the human companions he befriends, briefly sharing his life with them and showing them the astonishing wonders of the universe.

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THE TIME VORTEX.

'IT'S THE CHRONOLABE— BASICALLY, THE TARDIS'S G.P.S.

'WHEN THE SIBLINGHOOD OF SAINT AUGUSTINE, PHYSICIST, SHOT US, THERE MUST HAVE BEEN TIME-DELAYED DAMAGE. THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH TEMPORAL WEAPONS.'

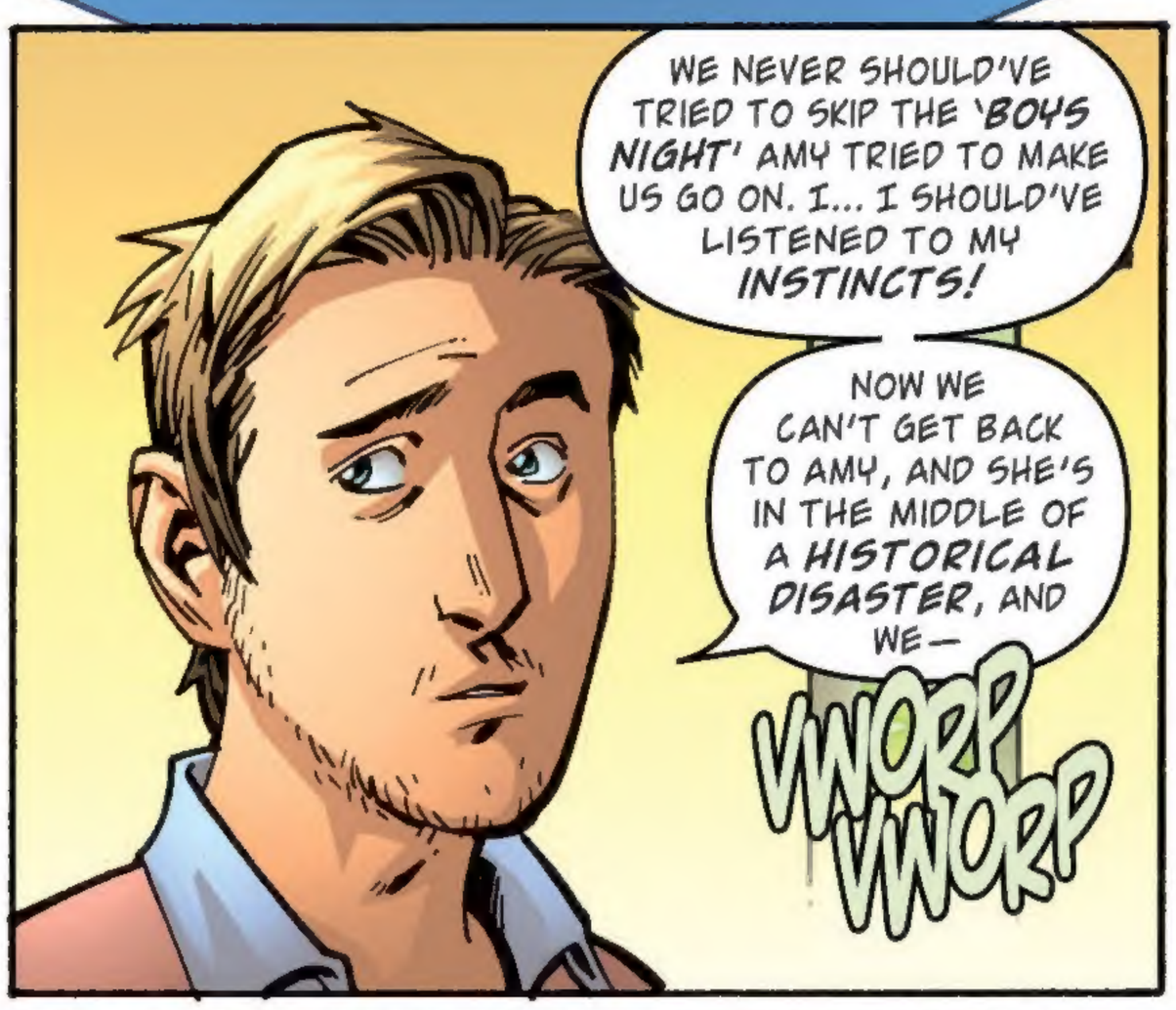
'THAT'S WHY WE CAN'T GET BACK TO AMY?'

HOW CAN YOU TELL IT'S THE PULSE AND NOT... GARDEN-VARIETY TARDIS MALFUNCTIONS? OR OPERATOR ERROR?

AFTER ALL, YOU DON'T HAVE MUCH OF A TRACK RECORD FOR ENDING UP WHERE YOU WERE TRYING TO GET TO.

I ALWAYS GET WHERE I'M GOING—

—EVENTUALLY! BUT IT NEVER TAKES THIS LONG. THIS ISN'T... 'GARDEN VARIETY'!



...THAT'S A GIANT GORILLA... IN 1930S NEW YORK.

OH, RORY, DON'T BE STUPID.

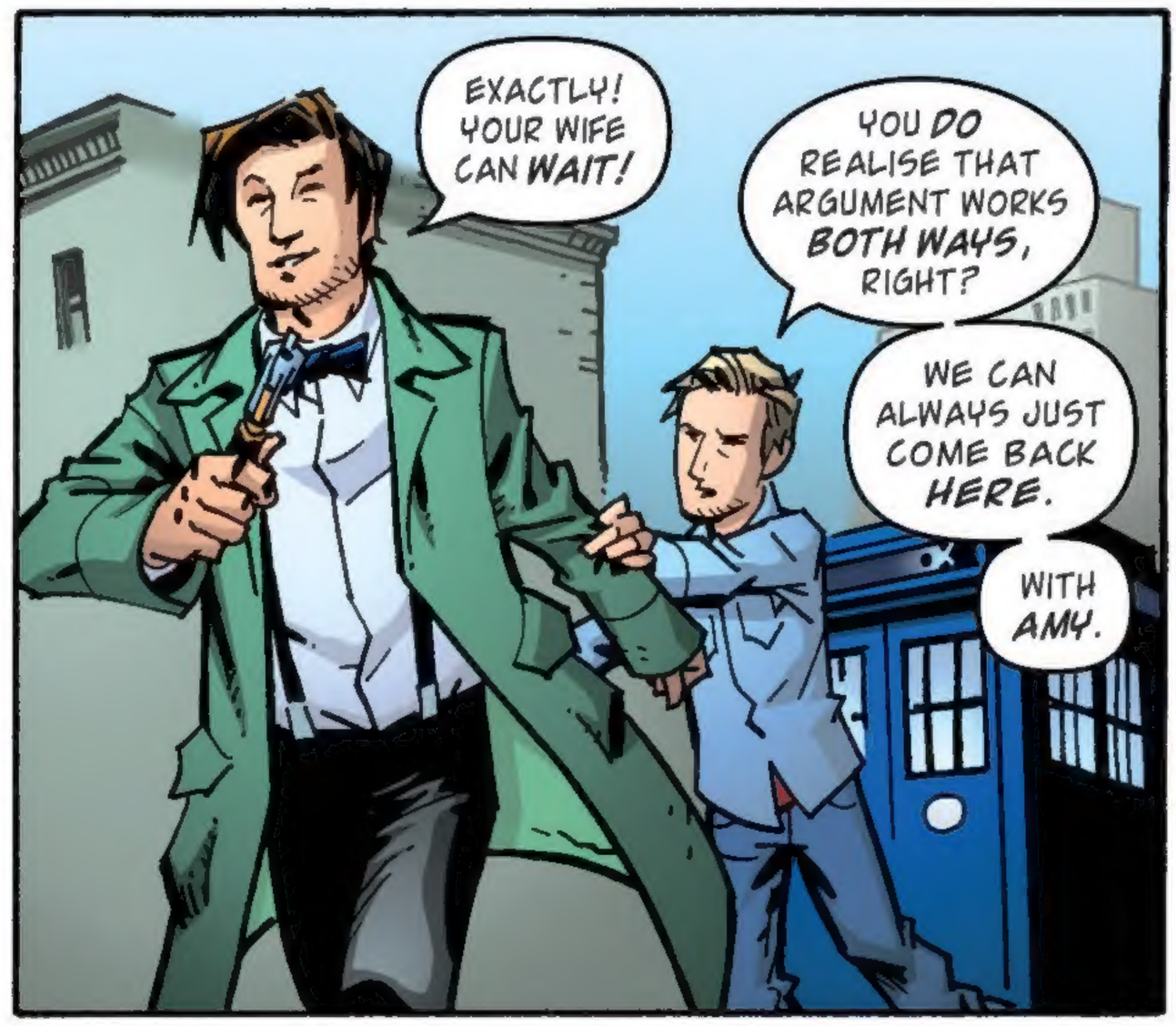
THAT ISN'T A GIANT GORILLA—

—NEW YORK'S JUST BEEN SHRUNK!

WELL, COME ON!

YOU KNOW WHAT WE'VE GOT TO DO!

CALM THE GORILLA DOWN, FIGURE OUT HOW NEW YORK GOT SHRUNK AND... REVERSE IT?
AND?
AND... FIND OUT WHO DID IT, AND... MAKE THEM APOLOGISE?


EXACTLY! YOUR WIFE CAN WAIT!
YOU DO REALISE THAT ARGUMENT WORKS BOTH WAYS, RIGHT?
WE CAN ALWAYS JUST COME BACK HERE.
WITH AMY.

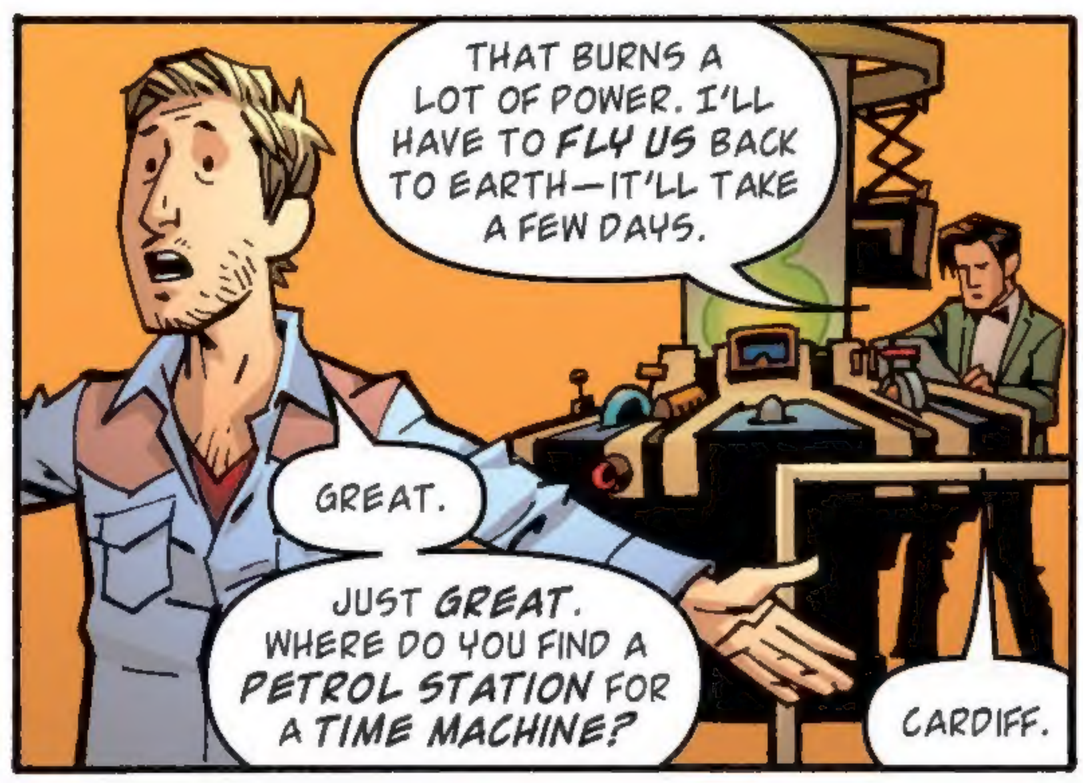
BUT... BUT GIANT GORILLA!
NORMAL GORILLA. TINY NEW YORK.
IT'LL BE HERE WHEN WE GET BACK.

HRUMPH...
VWORP VWORP

BEEEE BEEEE BEEEE BEEEE
OH, WHAT NOW?

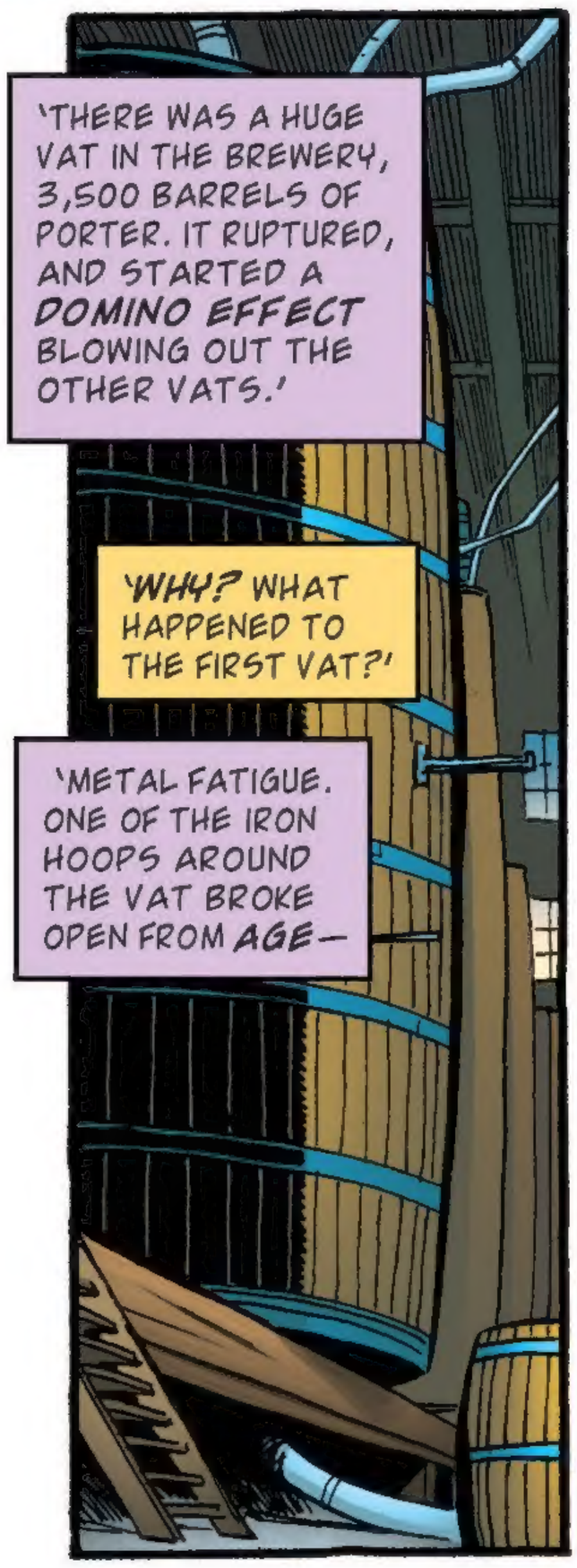
VWORP VWORP
UH, DID WE JUST DROP OUT OF THE TIME VORTEX?
EMERGENCY PROTOCOL.

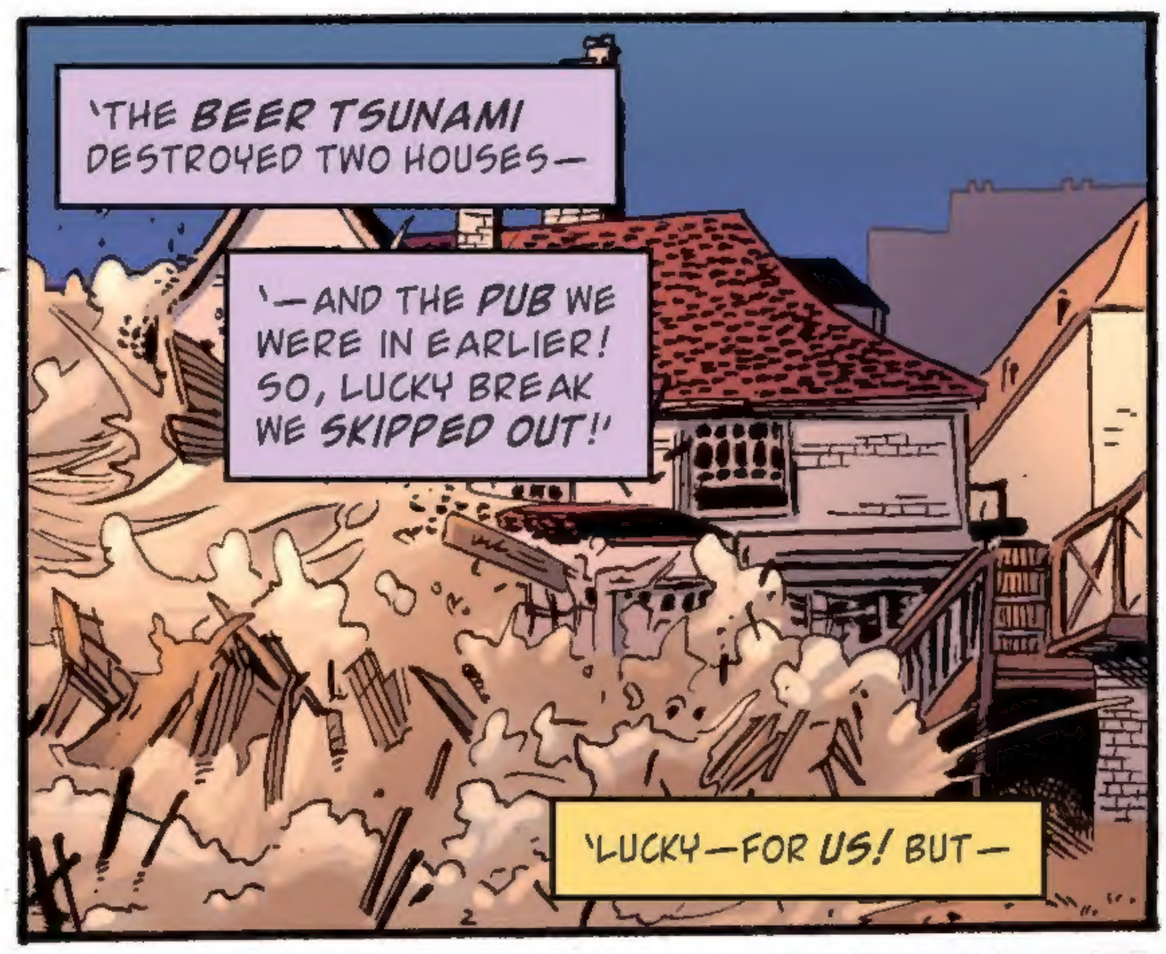
'THE TARDIS IS PROGRAMMED TO DROP US BACK INTO NORMAL SPACE, IN EVENT OF...'

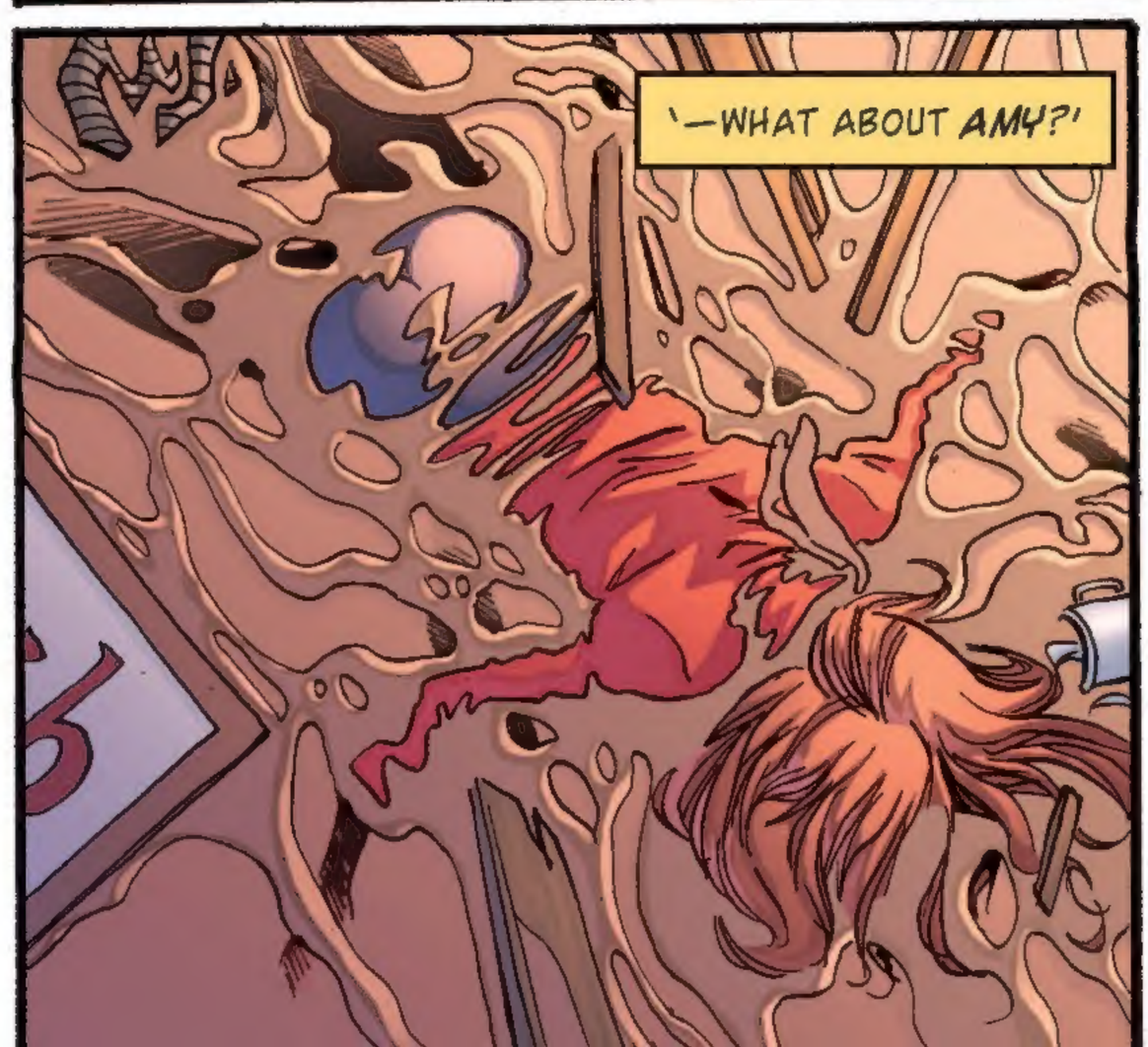


'ONE OF THE *ODDEST* TRAGEDIES IN HUMAN HISTORY—UP THERE WITH THE *GREAT BOSTON MOLASSES DISASTER.*

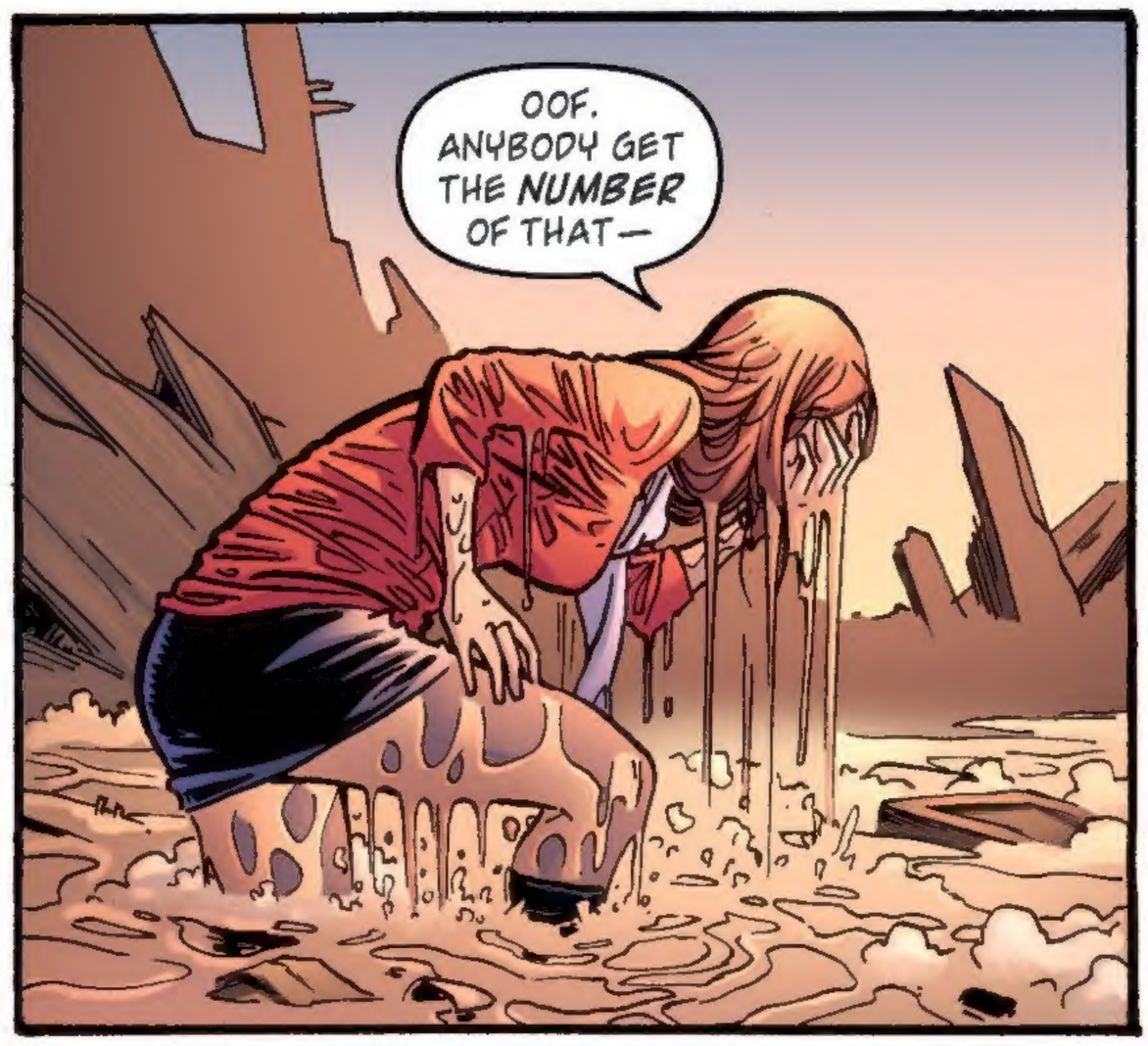
'ON 17 OCTOBER, 1814, THE HORSE SHOE BREWERY BURST OPEN, FLOODING THE ST. GILES NEIGHBORHOOD WITH *323,000 GALLONS* OF BEER!





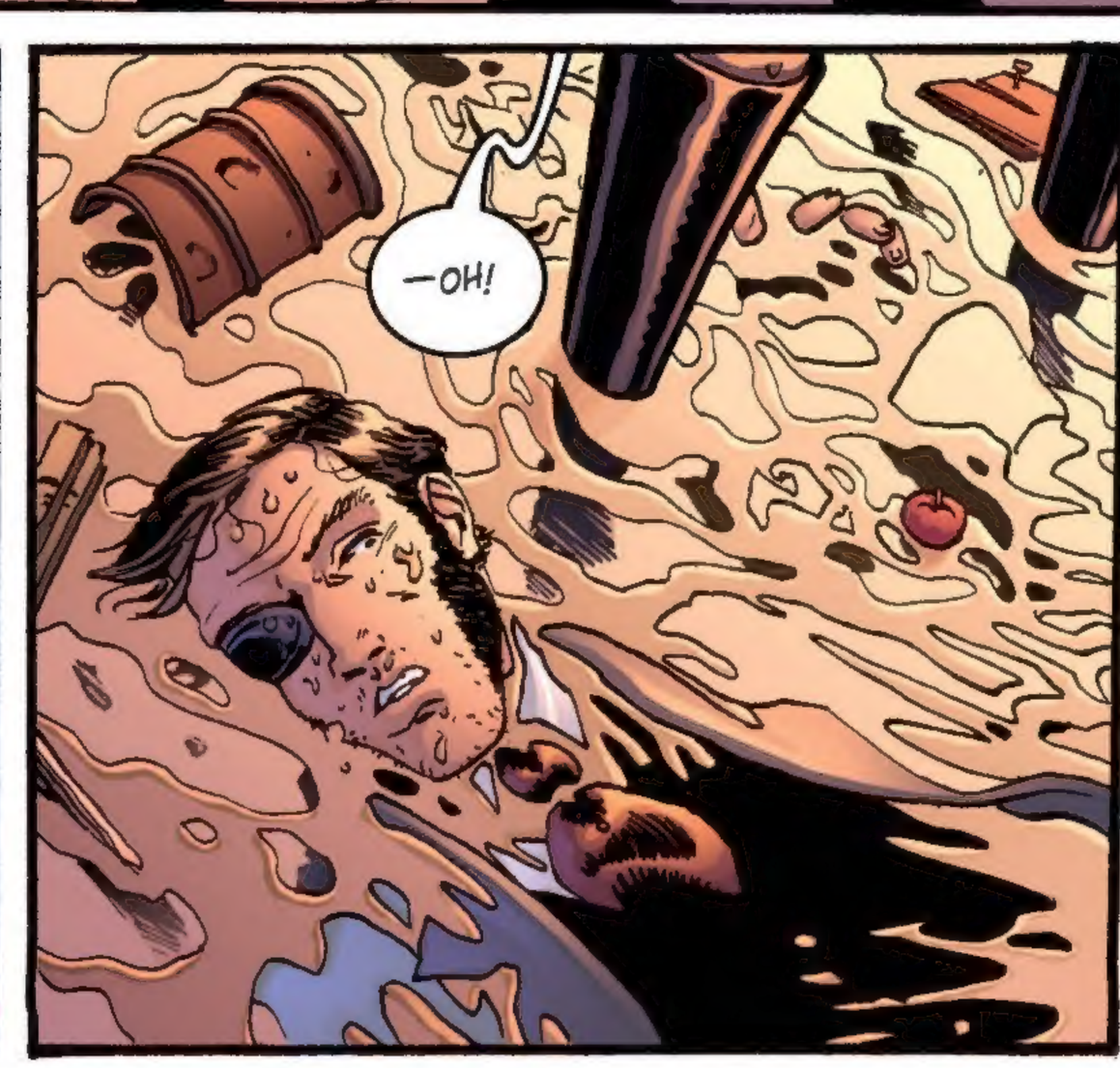



HHHUUUU!


OOF. ANYBODY GET THE NUMBER OF THAT—

—UH... TSUNAMI OF BEER?

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS THING STILL WORKS!
'17 OCTOBER, 1814— THE LONDON BEER FLOOD'. OKAY, THAT EXPLAINS THIS. NOW, WHAT ABOUT—


—OH!

CARDIFF, WALES.

2013 A.D.

'YOU WERE SERIOUS? CARDIFF?'

'THERE'S A RIFT, HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF TOWN.

'A CHASM, A... A FISSURE IN THE BEDROCK OF SPACETIME.'

A CRACK? A CRACK IN SPACE?

LIKE A CRACK, ONLY DIFFERENT. TOTALLY DIFFERENT.

ALL KINDS OF STUFF FALLS IN ONE END OF THE RIFT, AND COMES OUT THE OTHER SIDE—IN CARDIFF.

OBJECTS, PEOPLE—AND TIME ENERGY.

SO, WHAT—YOU PARK THE TARDIS HERE, AND IT SOAKS UP 'TIME ENERGY'—

—LIKE PLUGGING YOUR MOBILE PHONE INTO A WALL SOCKET TO CHARGE THE BATTERY?

NO, NOTHING LIKE THAT.

WELL, SORT OF LIKE THAT—IF YOU WANT TO BE REALLY UNPOETIC ABOUT IT.

RORY!

THAT... FELT LIKE A WARNING SHOT!

WHY DIDN'T I JUST ASSUME THIS WOULDN'T GO SMOOTHLY?

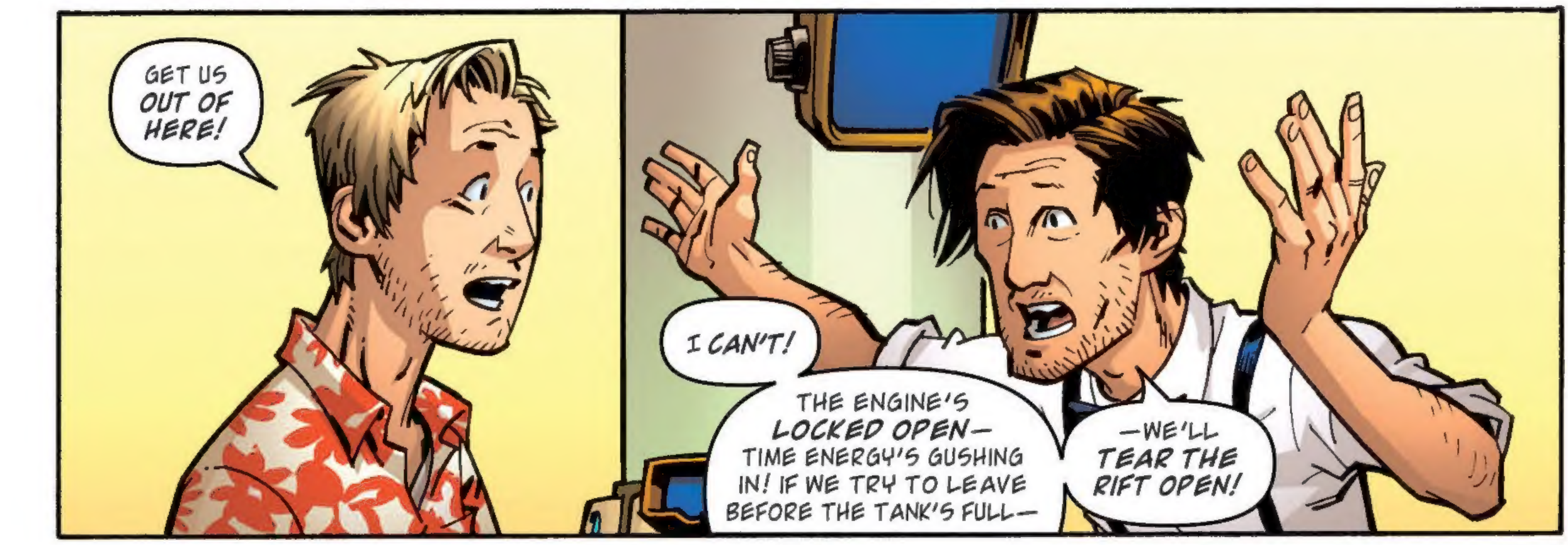
RORY, REMEMBER WHEN YOU CALLED THIS A 'PETROL STATION'?

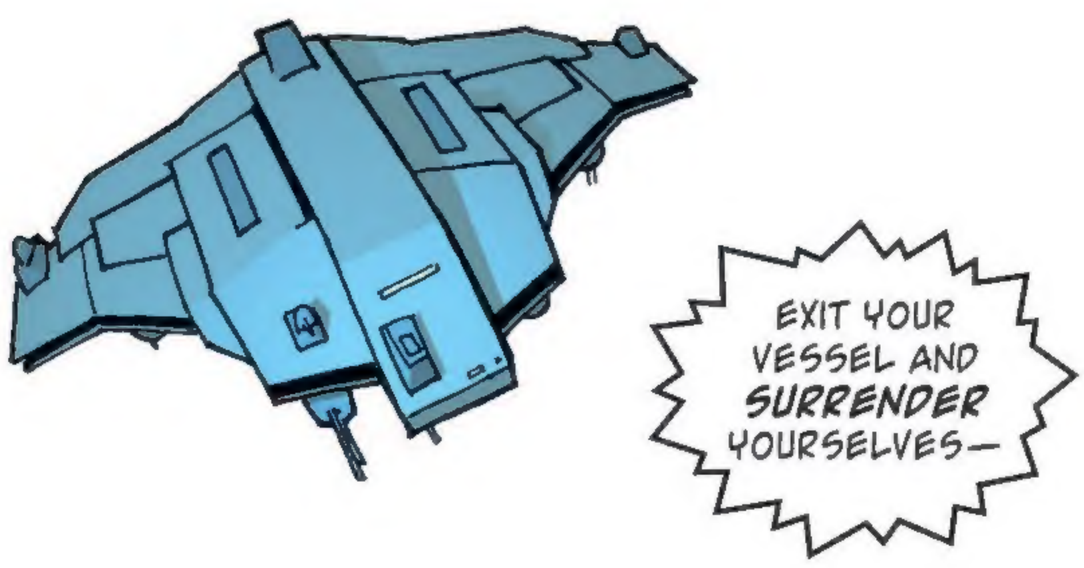
WELL...

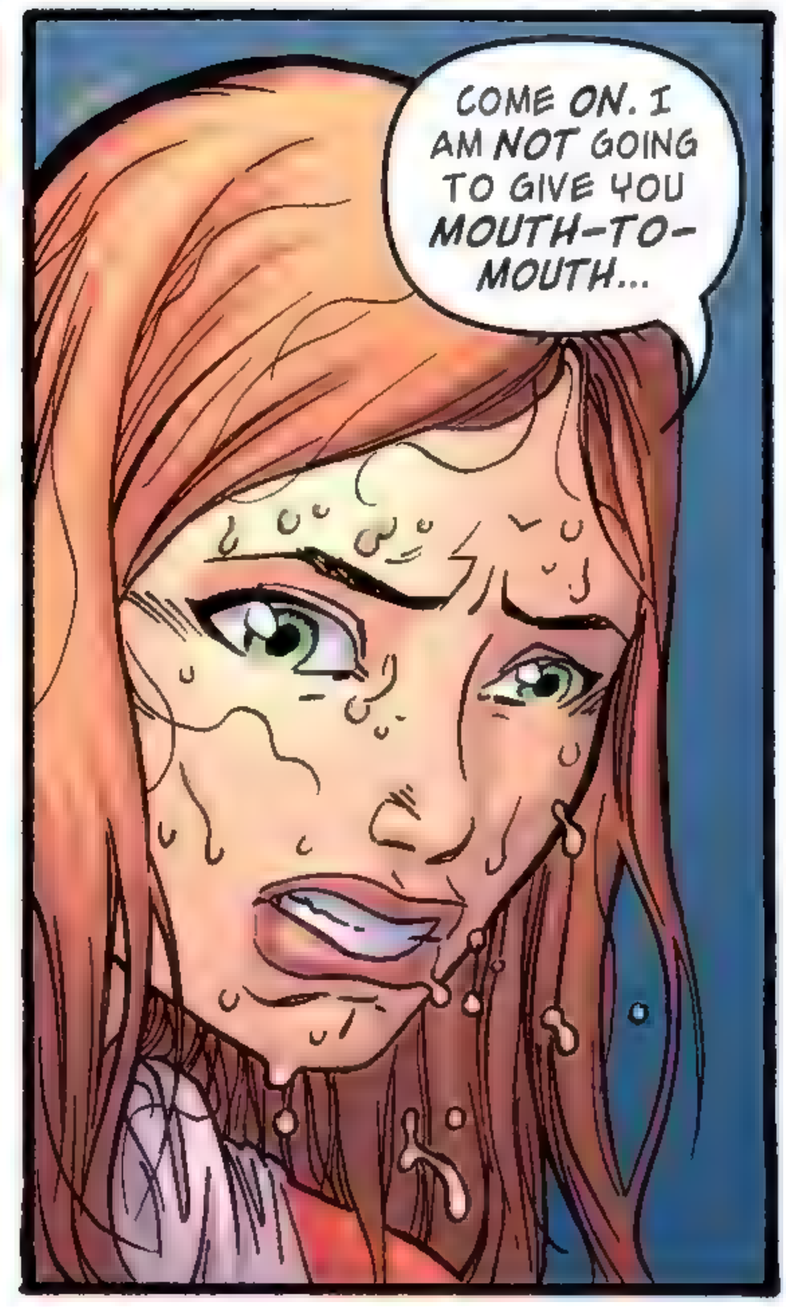
...THIS *MIGHT* BE A STICK-'EM-UP.

TIME LORD—

—ESCAPE IS *HIGHLY IMPROBABLE.*






BUUUUHHHLLL!

LOOKING FOR THIS?
YOU'RE AMY POND, CORRECT?
YOU WOULDN'T SHOOT ME.
ON PURPOSE? MAYBE NOT.
BUT GOTTA BE HONEST— I'M NOT VERY GOOD WITH THESE. WHEN I HOLD THEM, THEY TEND TO GO OFF.
SO THE LONGER I'M POINTING IT AT YOU, THE BIGGER THE CHANCE I'LL SHOOT YOU—
—JUST BY ACCIDENT.
SO, YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO HURRY UP AND TELL ME—
—WHY THE SILENCE WANTS TO BLOW UP SOME BEER.

'OH, *THIS* IS JUST—'

—TYPICAL.

*TRAPPED* IN THE BRIG OF A SPACESHIP WHILE THE CYBERMAN CREW *JUMPS SHIP*, NO TARDIS *OR* SONIC SCREWDRIVER, WITH ONLY EIGHT MINUTES—

SELF-DESTRUCT IN T-MINUS SEVEN MINUTES.

—*SEVEN* MINUTES LEFT TO LIVE. SO *TYPICAL*.

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU CAN'T JUST *FIX* THE 'G.P.S.' THING.

THE TARDIS ISN'T A *CAR*, RORY! YOU CAN'T ALWAYS JUST 'FIX' IT—

—THE SAME WAY YOU CAN'T ALWAYS 'FIX' YOUR *HOSPITAL PATIENTS*! THE TARDIS IS A *LIVING THING*, TOO, SORT OF.

SO IF THE TARDIS IS PARTIALLY LIVING, WILL THE G.P.S. JUST... *HEAL*?

YES—

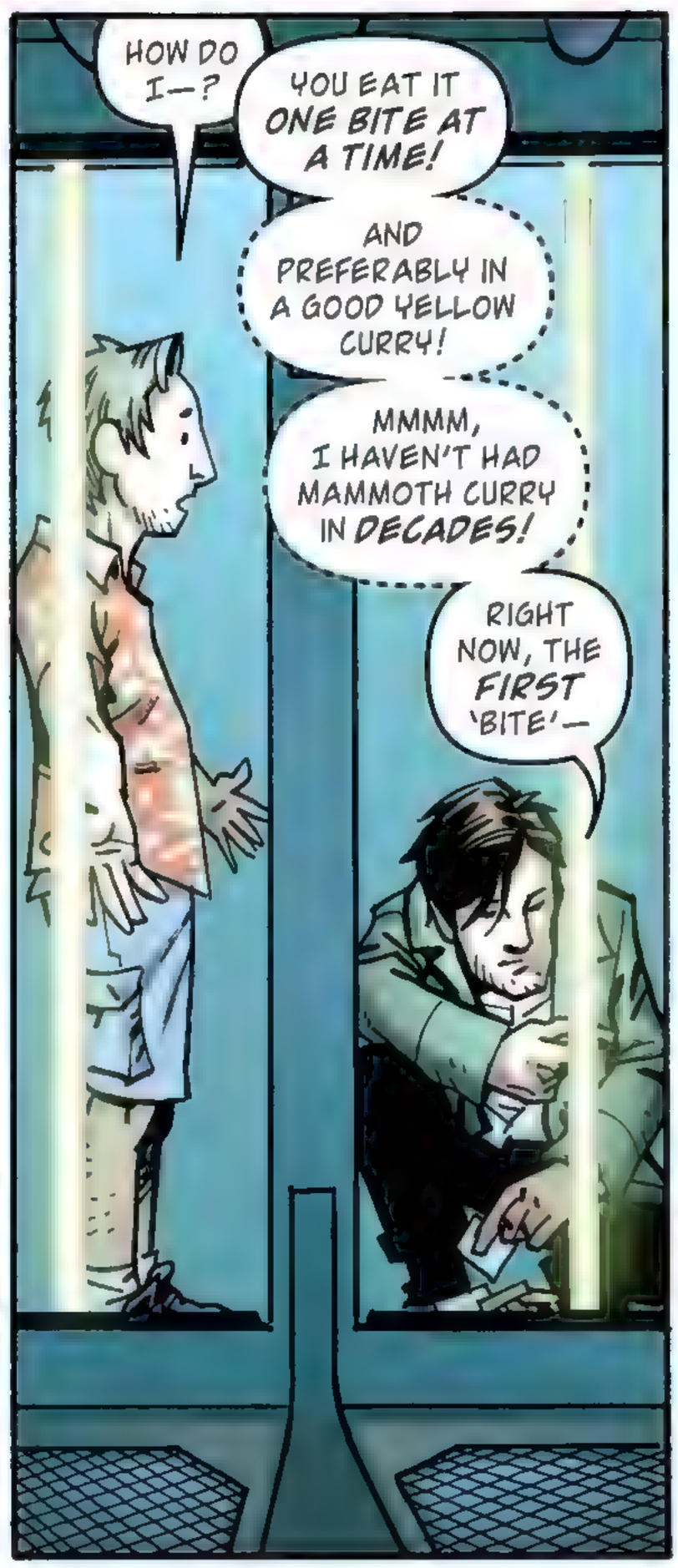
—*EVENTUALLY!* HEALING TAKES *TIME*— AND WE'VE BEEN PUTTING A LOT OF STRESS ON THE OLD GIRL, MAKING SO MANY TIME JUMPS SO QUICKLY.

WELL, IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO TO SPEED UP THE TARDIS'S HEALING?
YOU KNOW, GIVE THE TARDIS...
...'BED REST'?

YES!
NURSE POND, I COULD KISS YOU! BED REST! YES! LET'S TRY IT!

HOW? THE TARDIS ISN'T HERE, IT'S IN WALES. AND THIS SHIP IS GOING TO BLOW UP IN... UM...
SELF-DESTRUCT IN T-MINUS SIX MINUTES.
...SIX MINUTES.

DON'T WEIGH ME DOWN WITH TRIVIA! HOW DO YOU EAT A WOOLLY MAMMOTH, RORY?


HOW DO I—?
YOU EAT IT ONE BITE AT A TIME!
AND PREFERABLY IN A GOOD YELLOW CURRY!
MMMM, I HAVEN'T HAD MAMMOTH CURRY IN DECADES!
RIGHT NOW, THE FIRST 'BITE'—

—IS GETTING US OUT OF HERE.

A FIXED POINT IN TIME?
THIS? A STUPID BEER FLOOD?
HISTORY IS NOT ALWAYS TO BE UNDERSTOOD, EVEN BY ITS CATALYSTS.
BUT THE SILENCE EXISTS TO PRESERVE IT, JUST THE SAME.
OH YEAH, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE 'SENTINELS OF HISTORY' OR WHATEVER. WHAT'S THAT EVEN MEAN?
WE'RE INSTRUMENTS— INSTRUMENTS OF DESTINY... PLEASE, BE CAREFUL WITH THAT.
IF THIS BEER FLOOD WAS SOOOOO DESTINED, HOW COME YOU HAD TO BOMB A BEER VAT TO MAKE IT HAPPEN?
WHAT, THEY WERE EXPLOSIVES OF FATE?
MOCK US ALL YOU WANT. INTERFERE WITH A FIXED EVENT—
—AND ALL OF SPACE AND TIME WILL COLLAPSE. WHAT HAPPENS TODAY IS WHAT WAS ALWAYS GOING TO HAPPEN TODAY—
—AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO CHANGE IT.
BEEP

KER-POW

AGGGGH!

'IT'S SO SIMPLE— I CAN'T BELIEVE I DIDN'T THINK OF IT *SOONER!*'

I'M PUTTING THE TARDIS IN *SLEEP MODE.*

LIKE A *LAPTOP?*

SORT OF— AND ALSO SORT OF LIKE *ACTUALLY SLEEPING.*

I SHUT OFF ALL THE SYSTEMS THAT AREN'T 100 PERCENT VITAL, SO THERE'S FEWER THINGS USING POWER—

AND THE TARDIS RE-ROUTES THE EXTRA POWER TO SPEED UP ITS *HEALING PROCESSES?*

WHY CAN'T WE STAY *INSIDE* WHILE IT'S IN SLEEP MODE?

*WHY?* THINK IT THROUGH.

OH... LIFE-SUPPORT ISN'T CONSIDERED '*ESSENTIAL*'.

HMM. WHEN IT'S IN SLEEP MODE, DOES THE TARDIS *DREAM,* DO YOU THINK?

VWORP VWORP

ASK A *SILLY QUESTION,* RORY...

'...OF *COURSE* IT DREAMS!'

YOU KNOW...
...THIS IS ALL RIGHT.

ALL RIGHT, THERE WE GO...

MA'AM? MA'AM, PLEASE *WAKE UP.*

OH!

YOU NEED TO TAKE IT EASY. IF YOU GOT KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BY A BLOW TO THE HEAD, THAT MEANS YOU'VE GOT A *CONCUSSION*— OR *WORSE!*

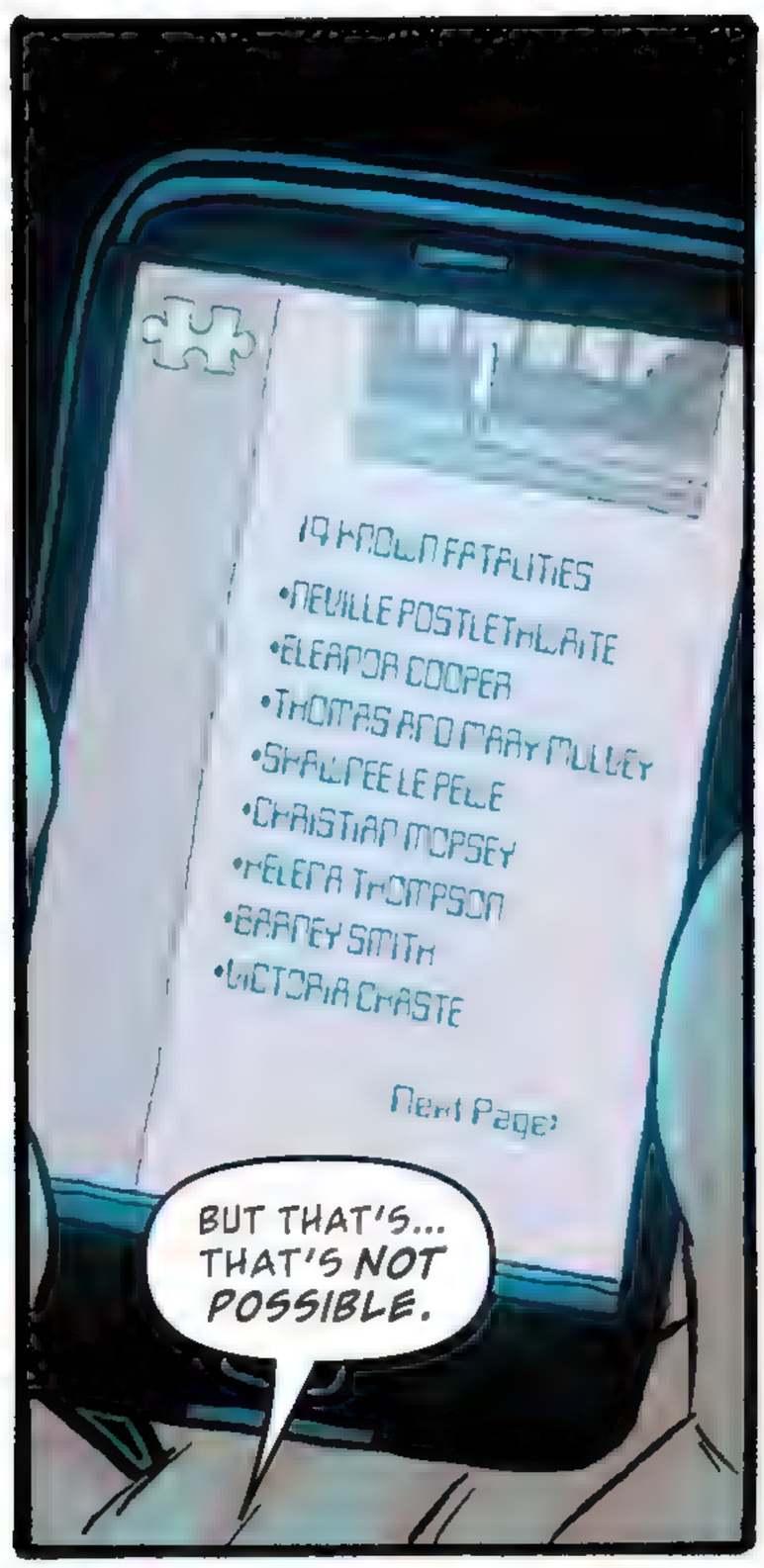
DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR *NAME?*

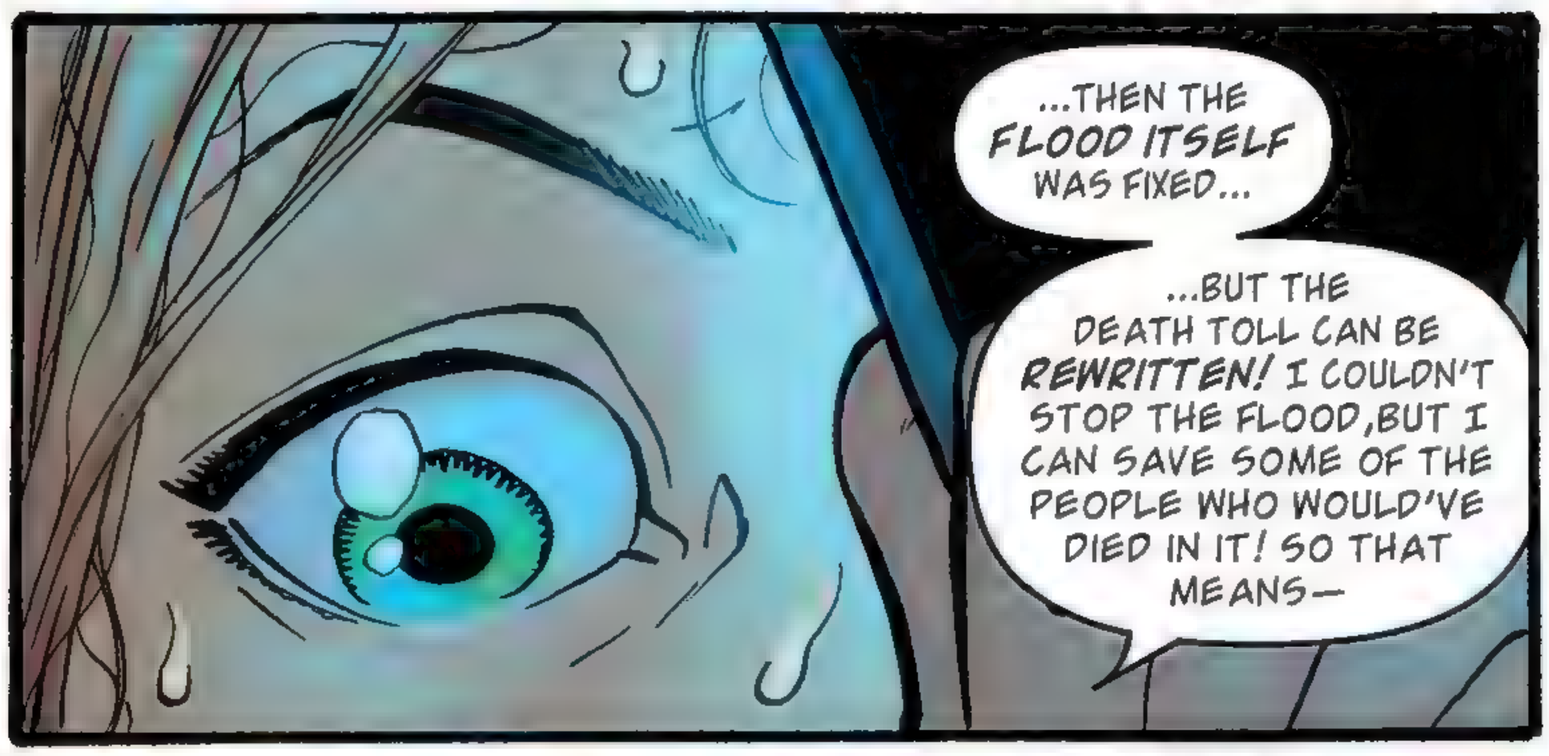
MEREDITH. MEREDITH BLAKE.

WHAT'S A *'CONCUSSION'?*

WAIT. *'MEREDITH BLAKE'?* BUT I SAW YOUR NAME ON THE *LIST OF PEOPLE* WHO—

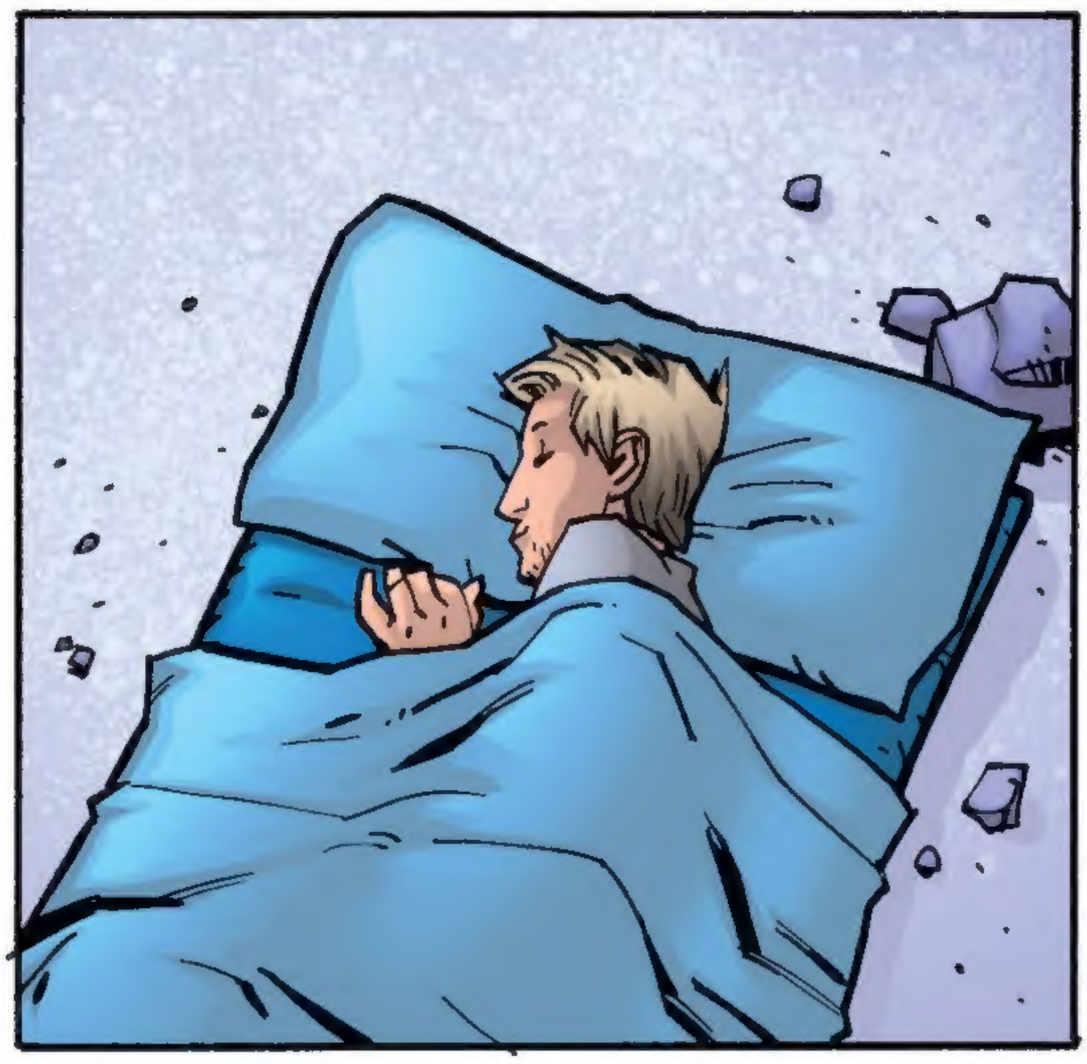
—WHAT?






—I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

'NEVILLE POSTLETHWAITE, AGE 7, TRAPPED AND DROWNED IN HIS BASEMENT AT THE CORNER OF...'



VWORP VWORP

IT'S BACK. THAT'S... GOOD, RIGHT?
IT'S EXCELLENT—
—NOW WE WON'T DIE ON THE MOON WHEN THE AIR-SHELL RUNS OUT OF POWER.

BUT... IS IT FIXED? OR HEALED, OR WHATEVER?
NO WAY TO KNOW JUST BY LOOKING AT IT. THE ONLY WAY TO BE SURE IS—

—TO TAKE HER FOR A SPIN.
VWORP VWORP

THE WAR OF 1812?

WE OVERSHOT— AGAIN?

WE'RE ON THE RIGHT DAY—WE CAN JUST FLY TO LONDON! BUT IF WE DEMATERIALISE, AND THE TARDIS IS STILL BROKEN—
—WE COULD END UP ANYWHERE!
LET GO OF THE CONTROLS, RORY!
DOCTOR, PLEASE!
FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE—

—PLAY IT SAFE.

'FIRST—WE FIND AMY. MAKE SURE SHE'S OKAY.

'THEN, WE DO WHAT WE CAN TO HELP THE BEER FLOOD SURVIVORS. THEN—'

THEN, WE UN-SHRINK NEW YORK AND GET THAT SABERTOOTH TIGER OUT OF THE TARDIS. CHECK.
IF WE'RE LUCKY, AMY HASN'T EVEN NOTICED WE LEFT—
A-HEM!

BOX
YOU WANT TO EXPLAIN EXACTLY WHERE YOU'VE BEEN, WHILE I'VE BEEN HERE SAVING LIVES AND REWRITING TIME AND—
—AND GETTING COVERED IN BEER?

WE WERE— WELL. WE WERE JUST...
BONDING?

FINE. FINE.
I GIVE UP. YOU WIN—
—NO MORE 'BOYS NIGHTS'.


THE END.